



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



At Stratford Festival

Richard Warwick Bond, Joseph Crosby

Digitized by Google

23436.57.43



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

AT
STRATFORD
FESTIVAL

A POEM

By R. WARWICK BOND

LONDON
LAWRENCE AND BULLEN

1896

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE IMMORTALS AND OTHER POEMS.

BY R. WARWICK BOND.

"The name of Mr. R. Warwick Bond will perhaps be new to most readers of poetry, as it is to ourselves. But if he can maintain the level of melodious versification and graceful fancy which he has reached in 'The Immortals and other Poems,' it should not long continue to be unknown. 'The Immortals' is a vision of the great poets of the world, who hold high debate on man and his destiny, each reflecting in his turn the spirit of the times to which he belonged. The conception is a bold one, but Mr. Bond grapples with it boldly and not unsuccessfully, and handles the difficult metre he has borrowed from Cardinal Newman with grace and skill."—*Times*, Jan. 1st, 1891.

"Mr. Bond shows dignity of style and reverence of spirit in making his Immortals speak. . . . The poem, as a whole, is lofty in tone and elegant in diction. Of the minor verses, 'Sunset' is perhaps the best, but all are above mediocrity."—*Morning Post*, Jan. 2nd, 1891.

"The poems therein contained show no sign of immaturity, and, if the poet be in reality a young singer, he has in these verses already reached no mean height of poetic attainment, and given most hopeful promise of future success. . . . (The metre) is well suited to the elevated diction and grave thoughtfulness of Mr. Bond's poem. . . . There are but ten sonnets, and amongst them not one which the most fanatic sonnet-maniac would wish away. That on Robert Browning is fine, and this, on the unveiling of the Gordon statue in Trafalgar Square, except for the awkward penultimate line of the sextet, could hardly be improved."—*Manchester Examiner*, October 10th, 1890.

"There is both dignity and sweetness in Mr. Bond's work."—*Graphic*, Nov. 22nd, 1890.

"In his minor pieces, such as 'The Fall of the Leaf' and 'Bettws-y-Coed,' we like him very much."—*Speaker*, Dec. 20th, 1890.

"In his 'Immortals and Other Poems' Mr. R. Warwick Bond successfully breaks ground as a poet. . . . His diction and imagery are occasionally felicitous—as, for example, in this tribute to the magic of Virgil:—

'But when he spoke
—Oh! not with this rude utterance!—an unknown
And peerless harmony the silence broke,
Whose sweetness might disown
The far-off cadence of the summer seas
That chant at eve a burthen fraught with memories.'

Again, at Shakespeare's uprising with intent to express his broad and sympathetic views of human conduct and interest, there was a thrill of spontaneous enthusiasm:—

'And far in heaven, methought a delicate rose
Flushed o'er the listening heights, and thrilled their conscious snows.'

. . . . The poem is good, both in conception and execution, and its promise is perhaps of more import than its performance."—*Daily Chronicle*, Feb. 18th, 1891.

AN ODE TO THE SUN, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY R. WARWICK BOND.

"Mr. Bond in his present volume fully maintains the promise we discerned in his work. . . . His versification is still as melodious and his fancy as graceful as before."—*Times*, March 30th, 1893.

"Mr. Bond has improved, . . . his poems show more feeling and increased power. . . . A minor key suits him best."—*Guardian*, March 15th, 1893.

"The author of 'The Immortals' . . . gives further proof in this volume of his undoubted felicity of expression and genuine feeling . . . The poem 'A Christmas Eve' is a charming composition in ballad form . . . His sympathy with classical studies is eloquently expressed in 'Væ Victis'."—*Church Times*, Nov. 11th, 1892.

"Mr. Bond is a deep student, and there is a majesty of diction in most of these poems, which is in a high degree noteworthy. He has sat long at the feet of Milton, and somewhat at those of Wordsworth, and that purest singer of our time, Matthew Arnold, and no wonder that he has caught more than an echo of their grandeur. Here, for example, is the second stanza of his opening poem :—

'Even as hoar Ossian's Celtic harp did hail
Thy lamp, that o'er his sightless eyeballs rolled—
Even as that other broke the stately tale,
Where Hell and hideous Chaos lay enscoiled,
To bless that Light he should no more behold—
I too, last-born of all the hapless choir,
No peer of these who hymned thee heretofore,
Yet one for whom God darkens not thy fire,
Salute thee, ere I reach the silent door,
And pass like them to dust, and be a voice no more.'

Much of Mr. Bond's work may be classed as rhetorical ; but, as will be seen from the above, there is plenty of lofty thought in it. Slight faults . . . there are here and there ; but as a whole the lines are melodious and free-flowing. 'The Stowaway' is a noble story told in noble language, and the rhetorical tendency, though always present, does not detract from the simplicity and pathos, which were the writer's aim. In 'Astræa Redux' and 'Væ Victis' . . . there is much that is classical in the truest sense ; and 'A Ruminant' . . . will bring before most readers a remembrance of the effort demanded in successful pursuit of any sort. . . . Perhaps Mr. Bond at times errs in the direction of building for himself a palace of art. The lowlands, where shepherds pipe, are more constantly attractive to most people, and they are not wanting in nobleness and poetry."—*Manchester Courier*, April 1st, 1893.

"Shows his accustomed merits of sweetness and dignity of versification."—*Westminster Review*, June 1893.

"We know Mr. Bond to be a scholar and a lover of the old poets from his recent edition of William Basse. . . . These three verses of parted love in Mr. Bond's most ambitious poem, 'An Epithalamium,' in the Elizabethan fashion, make most impression on us :—

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS (*continued*)

'Is there no sense
Whereby two souls conjunct in sympathy
May mingle, o'er the roaring waste of sea,
In conference ?

Breathe no celestial airs that grace may lend
Our grosser limitation to suspend
And bid us bridge the vast unmeasured space
With love's embrace ?

Gleams there no glass in heaven's o'erarching blue
Where thought may follow thought and understand,
As when from eye to eye the message flew,
And hand pressed hand ?'

All his verse has thought, and he has a certain skill in the manipulation of intricate metres."—*Daily Chronicle*, June 3rd, 1893.

"Mr. Bond is considerably above the level of average merit. 'Væ Victis ! a lament over the threatened decay of Classical Studies,' is really fine. There is something in the following which Matthew Arnold himself would not have disdained :—

' Ah ! long ago
That glory sank beyond the western steep :
Fast comes the night ! but yet some after-glow
The lonely uplands keep ;
A roseate flush st'ill lingers in the skies,
And echoes faint are heard of vanished harmonies.

We watch it fade,
That heavenly light ! we hear those voices die !
Mutely we sit, with folded hands, betrayed
To idle phantasy :
We hear but discord in the world's new song ;
We cannot share its feast, nor join its hurrying throng :

Like an old bound
That patient waits in his dead master's hall
And strains his ear for the loved footstep's sound,
The old familiar call ;
And brooding o'er a dear face unforgot,
Turns from the strange caress, the hand that comforts not.'

The 'Epithalamium,' that with its 'Epilogue' concludes this volume, is another fine effort."—*Spectator*, October 28th, 1893.

LONDON
LAWRENCE & BULLEN
16 HENRIETTA ST. W.C.

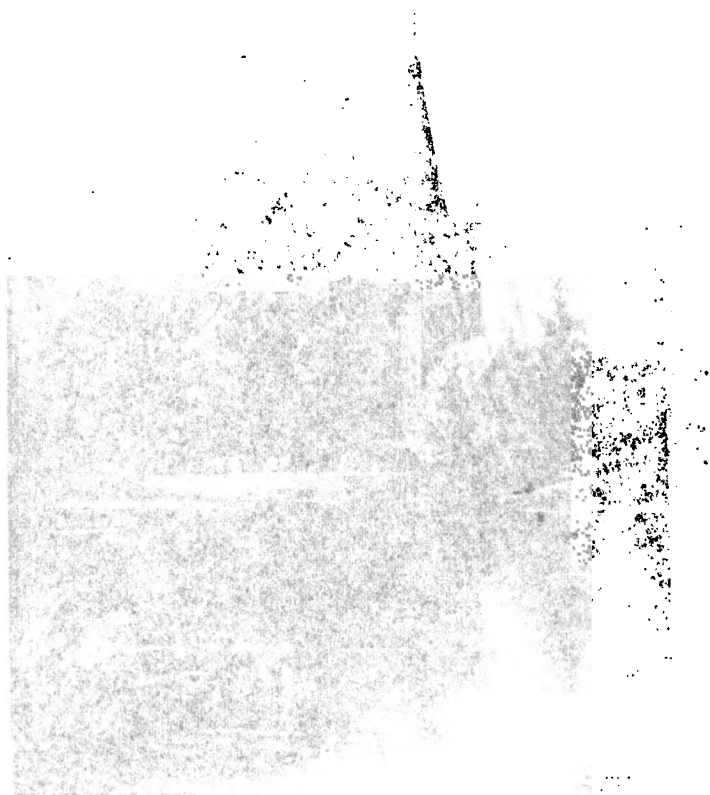
To M^{rs}. J. Watkins

With the Author's Compl^{ts}.

April 15. 1896.

AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL





AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL

A POEM

BY

R. WARWICK BOND

AUTHOR OF 'THE IMMORTALS AND OTHER POEMS,' 'AN ODE TO THE SUN
AND OTHER POEMS'

LONDON

LAWRENCE & BULLEN

16 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

1896

23436.29.20

✓



J. H. Krepelka

The major portion of the following poem appeared in
Macmillan's Magazine for April 1894

To

My father

IN LOVING ACKNOWLEDGMENT

AS WELL OF AN EARLY TASTE INSPIRED

AS OF HELP DERIVED

FROM HIS EXAMPLE AND CRITICISM

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS

DEDICATED

AT STRATFORD FESTIVAL

APRIL 23, 1892

THE ripple laps along the churchyard wall
Where Avon's sleep is for a moment stirred
By light oars passing downward to the mill ;
A moment's noisier conference is heard
Amongst the cawing colonies that fill
The immemorial
Dream of the elms with discord musical ;
Anon each circling pinion finds a rest
Above some twittering nest,
And all things to the former stillness fall.

Stillness which yet some gentle outrage knew
From passing trumpet of the year's first bees,
Heralds of summer on this sunlit morn,
And, floating faintly hither with the breeze,
A stir that tells no common day is born.
Ere dawn her curtains drew
Clashed out o'er river and town the summons flew :
And Nature, conscious of the rare event,
To grace her darling lent
Flame to the light and sparkle to the dew.

Night after night, this week of all the year,¹
Poet ! the listening theatre has paid
Rapt homage to thine old immortal line :
Wandered with Helen through the elfin glade,

¹ The Poet's birthday, April 23, on which the Festival attends, fell in 1892 on a Saturday. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Julius Caesar*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Timon of Athens*, had been performed by Mr. F. R. Benson's Company during the week—*Timon* for the first time since 1856, when it was given by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells.

Followed a crafty rhetoric's design
And felt the Forum veer,
Confessed what magic made Cesario dear,
And greeting Timon, summoned from his grave
Beside the bitter wave,
Shook with applause tumultuous!—did'st thou hear?

Vain thought! To-day a thousand bosoms swell
To each impassioned outburst that was thine;
The warm drops quiver in a thousand eyes
Responsive to each sacrifice divine;
Familiar we unfold thy mysteries;
—Yes, every girl can spell
The brooding Prince, and thy dark riddle tell!
But thou our grateful raptures can'st not hear,
Careless of smile or tear
Sleeping the dreamless sleep where all is well.

Or if indeed thy spirit is mighty yet,
If sleep may not oppress that lucid eye,
Nor Orcus quench that torch, thy mind, which flung
Such radiance o'er our waste obscurity—
Yet not for Earth thine energies are strung :
Wholly thou dost forget
Her narrower tasks ; nor all our fond regret
Can guess what happy realms thy hest obey,
What senates hail the ray
That touched our days to glory, and is set.

Our homage moves thee not ; and love bemoans,
Helpless, the untimely loss of many a trace
That might have set thee clearer in our ken :
Thy fortunes, failings, friends, thy very face
Uncertain ; and the limits of thy pen
A doubt ! But naught atones
One sacrilege, which yet this virtue owns—

But for a churl's mad folly we had ne'er
Witnessed the touching care
That hallows yet those few poor mouldering stones.¹

Ay, now indifference is counted shame.
The idler's glance, the scholar's zest, explores
The dusty records of a day forgot :
The pilgrim thousands flock from other shores :
The nation's self must guard the village cot
Where thy young footsteps came !²
What needed it ? when thought is but a flame
From thee replenished, England's history-roll
Thy monumental scroll,
Each generous heart the temple of thy fame !

¹ The scanty remains of the foundations of New Place, discovered in 1862. Shakespeare's house, rebuilt on slightly different lines by Sir John Clopton (1700-2), passed in 1756 to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who outraged popular feeling by cutting down the mulberry-tree planted by the Poet, and still more by razing the house to the ground in 1758, because it had been too highly assessed.

² Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery was purchased for the nation, at a cost of £3,000, by the Trustees of the Birthplace in April 1892.

Yet 'tis well done : abides in many a breast
Borne to this still backwater from the strain
Of o'erwrought feeling and exhausted powers
In Life's great river rushing past amain,
A perfume from these consecrated hours.
Remembering hearts attest
Where fell the gracious benison of rest ;
What time of haunts wholly devote to thee
They proved the sanctity,
Awhile of self unfevered, impassioned.

Thy throne is set beyond the change of Fate !
Even 'mid the roar of this material time,
—Traffic's rough speech, Toil's ever-deepening groan—
When poets sigh for their neglected rhyme,
And something we degenerate from the tone

That speaks a people great ;
Yet never at such riches did we rate
This thy bequest, nor in thy clear well steep
Our weary sense so deep,
Filled of that fountain, yet insatiate.

For now the tale of all our summer's told !
The Muses' garden straggles into seed ;
The sad cloud settles on the mountain-height ;
The silly flocks on coarser herbage feed ;
The forest-glens are emptied of delight
And doff their vest of gold ;
Far from untender blasts and chidings bold
The last sweet solace of our drearied
To other skies is fled,¹
Our nightingale ! and all the year grows cold.

¹ Alfred, Lord Tennyson, died October 6, 1892.

Come, come away! leave all the barren fret
Of aims and creeds, and jars that never cease.
Come! o'er the tideless Adriatic broods
The consecration of an endless peace;
Listening the echoes in Athenian woods,
Where still the dew lies wet,
No heart-ache importunes us to forget;
By Sicily's strait, or in the enchanted Isle,
Life keeps its vernal smile;
'Neath Arden boughs the breeze blows kindly yet.

Seer! whom the midnight wakens on the keen
Sense of a presence eyes interpret not—
Tired souls! who yearn for glimpse of the bright hues
Your childhood knew, but life has long forgot—
Hither! but hist—tread soft, or they refuse

Their magic to your een :
'Tis but a step ; lift noiselessly the screen,
 And instantly your brain and heart o'erwhelm
 With Darkness' peopled realm,
Or moonlit paradise of the fair unseen.

Ye, too, who pace absorbed Thought's glimmering land
Or roam the paradise of Art, and earn
 The wonted guerdon, hate of little souls ;
Musing on Hamlet, Timon, Prospero, learn
 Happiness only his whom Will controls.
 Freshen the languid hand
In simple duty—make men understand
 That the august commission they despise
 Includes the charities ;
And, where ye serve most fondly, still command.

And thou! sole queen of our lorn earth, and shrine
Whither unending pilgrimage is bent,
With sacrifice that might replace thy dower
Of wasted pearls and treasury misspent—
Wilt leave the ungracious chase of wealth and power
And look where, line by line,
He bade thine inmost heaven of Woman shine?
Oh! teach us not 'twas but a poet's dream
That touched these sweet supreme
Heights of a nature only not divine.

Not in this happier age the mists uprise
To choke the better impulse ere it flower:
Ignorance holds not yet the keys of fame;
Gold lifts not yet such arm of tyrannous power.
Here goodness' self is worshipped, not the name:

Virtue has purged her eyes,
Doubts not her own, invokes no feigned allies ;
Clear o'er the clamours that perplexed her choice
She hears the inward voice,
And holds serene her pathway to the skies.

Not then the harmonies of life were drowned
By the rude discords of our later day ;
Faith asked no permit to behold her God,
Nor leaned upon philosophy for stay ;
Not on uncertainties the statesman trod—
No minatory sound
Of sullen thunder shook the hollow ground !
Not then were satisfied the claims of place
With so constrained a grace,
Nor faithful service then so rarely found.

Yet is the picture of no fabled land,
Where bliss is fatally exempt from ill.
Sin, sorrow, suffering, commingled here
In all their sad variety, fulfil
The storied canvas ; not a shape of fear
In all the grisly band
But owns allegiance to thy potent wand ;
No crime, no folly that mankind pursues,
None of Life's countless hues,
Escapes the subtle mastery of thy hand.

Ah ! vainly bards accuse our heated age,
And vainly grudge Discovery her prize !
When Drake and Raleigh sailed the widening globe,
And Galileo's lenses swept the skies,
Calmly amid that fever thou didst probe
Man ; thy serener page

Could deal with common life, and still engage ;
Sane 'mid a rage of physics that ne'er stole
Thine inquest from the soul,
Exploring still that noblest heritage.

Ye whose weak Muse each hostile murmur chills,
Whose pipe grows silent if a care intrude,
Question that life, if poesy depend
On leisured ease or Alpine solitude ?
Weigh those loud London years, and, after, wend
'Mong Stratford fields and hills ;
What time their Genius silently instils
This truth,—no place authenticates the lyre
Apollo doth not fire,
No strife untunes the voice That Godhead thrills.

And if this simple scene afford no clue
To that divine outpouring, yet 'tis dear !
His impress lingers on it uneffaced,
And an unwearied fondness year by year
Returns to haunts imperishably graced.
Our loving thoughts indue
Each field and hedgerow with a tenderer hue.
Here did he pass, perchance ! and here, like flowers
'Mid April sun and showers,
Perdita, Imogen, Miranda, grew !

Was it not well that London's busy hum,—
Maelstrom of thought, stern field of striving men,
Bright heaven of hopes, black Tophet of despairs !—
Should render up her fosterling again ?
That, turning on the last of Fortune's stairs,

Her favourite should come
Back with a smile through childhood's haunts to roam,
And prove that even to Genius' wayward heart
Nature is more than art,
More than success the unpurchased sweets of home?

Oh happy heritage of breeze and bird
And murmuring brook and innocent face of flowers!
Your undepleted treasury that could fill
Rough Homer's heart, shy Virgil's sunniest hours,
Chaucer's sweet matin-song, was open still!
Ay! never was unheard
Our tender Mother, grieving when we erred,
Clasping the weary children to her breast,
On life's dim palimpsest
Retracing soft the lessons sin has blurred.

He too confessed the auroral sympathies :

Afar through mist of triumph and of tears'

He caught their paradisa! gleam, and saved

A quiet remnant from his strenuous years :

To Nature, wife, and child returning braved

The petty calumnies,

The peevish scorns, the looks precise that freeze

A wandering heart come back to wonted ways.

But witlessly ye raise,

Dear fools! your eyebrow of contempt, for these

Do but enlarge their empire by your ban !

Think of these stormy spirits as reeds of choice

Plucked by a fictive Deity that wrought

Tumultuous pipes for His great organ-voice,

Teasing life's every fibre to the thought.

Ye, whose mechanic plan
Would mend the bungling of this Artisan,
Con these last leaves ; and, as bleared eyes discern
The all-conquering sunshine, learn
The poet yet may purify the man.

Here then the Labourer, whose soil's increase
Is a world's marvel, heard the curfew ring,
And rested ; leaving, as of small account,
To careless chance the rich sheaves' harvesting !
Nay, was it chance ?—that Spirit, whose rushing fount
Swells evermore to bless
The fields of Paradise, provides no less
That man, Time's desert-traveller, shall save
Each precious drop He gave,
Each grain of truth, each pearl of loveliness.

Oh not for wisdom only, though the test
Of brooding centuries leaves thee unassailed—
Nor yet for fancy, though the hues of Heaven
Might vie with thine and show them hardly paled—
Is so much granted thee, so much forgiven!
Because thy life's unrest
Spared the still chamber of an holier guest,
Slew not God's sweet ambassador—here we set
The illimitable debt
Ages have felt but never half expressed.

Oh wizard of the uncorrupted heart!
Thou cunning piece of great simplicities!
To thee as to a star through seasons' change,
Or steady beacon seen o'er tossing seas,
From forms uncouth and horrible and strange
We turn: thy volume's chart

Warns off the perilous shallow that would part
Beauty and truth ; it points with saving hand
From fogbanks to the land,
From all the illusive masque to all thou art.

Still age by age may heavy-footed care
Shake off its burthen here a little while,
And gravity and learning age by age
Relax their solemn feature to a smile ;
To the dear record of this charmèd page
Love's votary shall repair
While youth is sweet and maid to manhood fair ;
And age by age shall one impassioned scroll
Acquaint the struggling soul
With death whose very grandeur slays despair.

If while thy greatness moved among us yet
We knew thee not, this our neglect shall turn
To kindness for young souls that climb the Mount
About the awe of whose hid summit burn
Heaven and the glory of thee! Shall we account
Of shame, or aught regret,
Who hear the Earth's acclaiming thunders set
On that calm brow its everlasting crown
Of an undreamed renown,
While England's heart is full, her eyelids wet?

Well for the fame no envious years invade!
And well for us that, o'er the centuries' lapse,
One fair world blossoms, a perpetual spring,
Though here hope wither to a dim perhaps!

Well for our English hearts if, entering
Within yon sacred shade,
We mark, not all unmoved, where he is laid
Who as God's steward bare the golden keys
That keep His treasures,
And passed to the great Audit unafraid !

**RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.**





